seaside, febrile grapes

Richard J Tilley

Made freely available

self@richardjtilley.space
rtilley4@alumni.jh.edu

© Richard J Tilley. All Rights Reserved.
Uploaded to Internet Archive 2026

Stones in still images of Bristol mines

A lock on the wicker chair made invisible
by the superstructure gallantry; swift and nimble
stones across muddy pads of galloping water.
She never did cure the tone that He takes,
not when the water lives, or the diagram
combusts like sound under pressure,
lonely, distraught, and conflicted between
Their heirs and solanaceous wandering vehicles.

But the burdened air paperwork maderisation

On the front of this animal brigade light bulb price
in a commerce of sold songs and written patronizing
there are sheaths of dining squadrism in corners up
and upon captive educating martyrs preserved within
promises made in drama school protested marketing
and paper records from the taking of houses and land
in the east or some other drawing that did not pawn
its snow tires for wholehearted gardens, the same light
countering the sleep-driven stake in the measured air
arrested revolutionary leaders, ghosts now rested faults
simmering on lone goat empires sold like staple stone
rosary bead companions for admirals, profit coax members

How the 1960s coerced you to talk and then promptly run away
like you were never here in moments or committees steaming
the summer and the dandelions and the aiming at predatorious
farm stealing grocery webs, falling, like a tremor on past lives,
evening fondness capturing air with starvation wages for Corvidae
and complacent rubbing matches on horse-shells on pressings,
nighttime fog awaiting you and me and failed redemption trials
instilling in us memory still damned and rejected from starry light
there was a misplaced contract that makes us the perfect assailers
of just triumphs being unexpected to be bothered to carry it out
between brothers and sons and quiet souls and nature in the spoils
alone and predictably across the street from each other, present,
this contract did not bleed to let us in under secret lamps stalling
we were always learning the gifting of sharp directions, suit-contracts,
but the paperwork burdened air starts to learn what we could do,
what they can’t, get away with it under the passive invisible nature

A treatise of fabled birds ground hugging the highway overpass

time is in a vacuum of silent eshatological retreat
Simone de Beauvoir shouts shadows in low oxygen
measured in a wild style of jazz chords drowning
breaking on me like a Long-tailed Glossy Starling
feeding never nested but on the overpass greeting

Cat Clyde's tokens taken by Melodious Blackbids
all fathers are bystanders of a weight, blue-black,
trying hope for sacred desperation, in fresh water
life with Godmother neighbors's water cycles anew

where love attempts to feather stencil likewise driving
state borders did not count on escaping operant desire

takersmiths and bounty ignoring adults

Dedicated to Angel Batista

cross slayer on the bounty of trail riddle arms
forsworn like makers and takersmiths undued
like gravel punchers and factor victims adored
an excuse doe forever in debt kicking lights
unto the mater dolorosa casual suites nights
galore like light and favored grandchildren
screaming at the lego sets made for seniors
for complacent wartime adults napping too
like the windmills that didn’t know me or try

Hagar’s Coins and Horses

weather like old friends wrestling in the early taste of the sun
conditions like new mornings trapping the feelings adjourned
sentiments of scattered trees and willows for Hagar and Ishmael

hope for sacred texts opening, but never remembered to the point
to look out for voices arriving with a hint of accurate prose, calm
desire to know what is being said like crashing horses, Hagar’s voice

though might they may be, a farm of luxury goods caramelize
headstones grieve new frightening love with sleeping love-in-idleness
crashing hours like stone stamps rigid and pleased unto a giving plate

set night for crashing horses, for burning the village from hillside
to the sea, like an ointment for a gambling religion walking on land
now set on fire while Hagar and Ishmael ride away to safety, free

misleading, concealed frostbite and branches of bitter smoke

there was a station, down by the river, that collapsed
under the weight of the beds of tires and off-ramp vehicles
all screaming for Jesus from their dashboard pans like smoke
that would run or become bitter in the rage of a tear,
but there stood Anslow, relishing in his first command
behind the steel girdled tank of a description for a girlfriend,
riddled, not guided by, turquoise voices of hollowed moons
and random belted rashes and heaves, caught on the branches
below the off-ramp vehicles and bars in the dark stars of Tennessee

no forest or building or collapsed entryway guilt can find the science
to undertake the silt and moon glow of the ashes of a Tennessee September,
not after these lies have escaped parades of truth from all vectors
from all friendships or duly appointed mayors of fleecetown
upon the riverbeds of smoke raving at the bitter sound locked into the branches
dare not, she tells Anslow, ask me where that smoke is coming from
just let me think of you and in the cold range of bitter ponds and sold-out Founder meetings

on balance in the road on a field maneuver

Assemblypersons that did not provoke the fire in the restroom stall
the assistants to the maître d' did incline the wedding into the bathroom
"it just happened," God stanced, with a coy smile a file on vacuum energy
like stationed patrimony that witnesses dozens of bathroom weddings every hour
we did not want to do this, but we tried to call it into a declined affair

it felt like a purge, like a failed state in the midst of a standing officer in the commissary
shopping for crab legs and neighborly appetizers next to the beer aisle ailing in shame
cosmic doorways in wards for the misgiving, that is what God says, "misgivings about me,
my family, my door's name, and my daughter, you will not come to my house that way,
so shall we all depart." and that is the message of the evening,
following the night of the fire in the bathroom wedding
a path to victory for the assistants for the assembleypersons getting high on stage

on balance in the road on a field maneuver, rowing to the science of a troubled handling vocation
where angels throw away tire irons and get in trouble supplying the masses with stock brigades

lapsed and saturated cornerstone repair alley

the gift of stem-cycle repair
is not in Miami gold or misfired grass
it is dragged out humor,
Stationed for repair
and clement deferral
and quicksand desire
and forsaken godsend
grocery dismissed godly disposed cuts and slides
slated in reposition
for tomorrow
for reappearance and soot
letting go, sitting and swimming

(Do not count the population) Coming from the light in the ceiling fan

A structure of people coming
from the light in the ceiling fan –
at the crying radio porter train
hell rings light and agents,
both physical and numerical light;
staunch stairways to theatres
where French-speaking auditoriums
occupy an opaque speakeasy.

A lonely Johnny Cash without the sun
or a dozen trailblazing horsemen
goal-men locked in entrenched lines
of southern nostalgia and lovely grift,
whether we part we see the corduroy
couch the population of the Southeast

come raining down from the ceiling
roof fan light between skipping fins
in the rays of light and filling the room
we all have so much to discuss,
suddenly have come from light
so progressive and so full of love.

No blues in sight and no history
of suffering or punishers or constraint.
This life from light saw Johnny escape
out the backdoor while we counted
the population against the orders of God,
against our better knowledge,

but this new population of light,
this peoples of shinning bulbs showed
so much promise we assumed new framed
regulations; this canopy, this screen,
rotating air fanatic is old to me, says God,
“I told you not to count the population.
Why would you try to contain the light.”

Such a manner could not wait or delay,
I said. We were brightly espoused,
we were giving an emanate cure for a Friday
night or Saturday morning or two. Falsetto
plot twists that portend erasure for the sake
of a favored skylight alternative, lights grossly
shinning on why Johnny escaped out the back.

Human Disposal Reproduced

Coming in from the calling of the light
the misplaced trust in the people
South Carolina ripples in the self-esteem
of crows with the memory of trials in the
body that pass on reproduced and hesitant
borders of bystanders long forgotten
by the waves of wicked seasons in wind,
Archangels before the trials of the broken
sounds of the sun – metric, denied, dispensed;
do not sell another person's labor
and do not own the earth

In the hopes of my last year, again

Now being more sure, with hickory roots,
that this coming year will be my last
I partition the ceiling vent with small dog collars
and coffee shops, all on a waitlist
for you, and your maladroit invitation
to stay alive, claiming a reason to be here
you do not own the ceiling,
and you do not own your own orifices, smoldering

God also wants me to live,
but God does not get to decide my fate
unless She/He/They wants to help
and get my flying bird circle over with
hopefully on a morphine drip
listening to Paul Simon
until that final sleep
transitioning on
to what else is out there

God's modeling "precociousness" (as a helpful hinted word, "just not helpful to you")

God likes to sculpt, but They say it is not sculpting,
They call it modeling, but it is not modeling, it is
putting together a creation with what I am told
are not "found" resources and it is important to
Them that I mention that. Since God has appeared
as both male and female, we are both comfortable
with me using They / Them pronouns, but God says
"just don't use a contraction." I think God is trying
to show me through this glimpse of "modeling"
not to allow violent rhetoric into my art, but also
to concentrate on these last few tractates of the year,

"good, say that"

bemoaning my last regrets while I am on my death bed

"don't say that"

I would not want to know that I tried so little at the end

"I have nothing to say to you"

At least not for the time being. God wants to ask me if I recall
where They set something They are using in their modeling,
seeming to forget I cannot see what They see, that I do not know
what They know – She has not spoken in some time, "I'm still here,"
She appears, smiling, almost, "Almost like what,...proud of you?"

"I was," She states greeting.

"Told you," He says while not taking his eyes off his modeling.

But the counterintuitive labeling for the title of this piece? Semi-conscious communication allows for that. So much so that I wish to protect myself and my seated army ***[Redacted]***……

"No, you are not cruel at all."
the laughter of God

When I die advancing on the enemy

slashing ice tires like merchant class penchant elephant stokers
never afraid to die or have a stroke in the streets of revolution
though the shopping carts in the streets might be the last I see
I will live on to monitor the welting continuation of the battle
from the afterlife I will dominate the drums in the background
the sound and my being at once an ontological puzzle, blessed
and witnessing for better praise my national neighbors take down
the flags, the borderlines, the protracted easyspeak voices of alt
claiming authority, there will be none, no leadership, no crown

the size of a mini-stroke is a teasing haunt

so close to end carbon streets filled gas lighting
never immersed in the nighttime voices of doctored files
    where I came from they always had a secret to display
    if the nightlight would only go out, leaving a dependent darkness
    among the firing strokes that come and go along the wind
    only wishing to sink with saints of dirty muddy water
this distilled micro-feasible drift towards the rivers of hell
but I will never tattle on the *tyrant angels*
or the foster home tracheostomy where God did wipe away a tear
no one knocking on the door, but Michael
        testing my hearing – and leaving me behind in my memory
        this time, I will not be a forfeited memory, I will go with them
now onto the day of the declaiming sun and the cherished moment
my heart gives out while my DNR request is respected
and the arriving paramedics sit for chocolate cheesecake and wine

hearts and tomatoes

fettered in altered clandestine towels of tomorrow's dead praises
we left behind finding gardening pretentious tomato collections
on the back of giants now again where black olives and perfect
organic romaine lettuce goes to get on the table ferrets trying gold ice
talking to God and coming to realize it takes only God to love me,
no one else, but only God to love me and forgive me and think me
worth being a member of humanity worth loving, worth living,
worth being preserved as something in art as though I am deserving,
I am not, I am not, I am not a creature who deserves forgiveness
or love or compassion or trust or love or life or caring in human eyes,
they should let me die by time, by the dead trees at the party signal,
ransacked around the covered, protected batteries, still and sleeping,
no one will notice my war-shock take on the broken heroic couplets
that I keep open, undesired, un-asked for, unmentioned in tired hours

grocery story bought spanish horses

sun breeds like republic degrowth politicians
foaming orifice kisses awake at night like drums
adoring the storm drains where the diamonds
sign where mother raised me like casual haunting

missing person always in love with the next posture
of the first song, the last song, the first musician
knowing who needs to hear this, altruism unreturned
where your heart claimed to have been on spanish horses
riding to the notes of the unreturned bassline quartet
the memory does not set among the resonating skin

Lapping corbel hearts in the milk and the ashes

I thought you and I could go somewhere,
“oh, boy,” said God, truly beside Himself –
acting like I was an inferno of blankspots,
knowing I would not strum returned wild
and unaccounted for rain, tepid pouring
milk, like lashes on fractured face bones,
God’s drowning ashes – steam lightening
for now, unobsessed, unaccounted for,
like promises I make to see Her love through –
waking bones in our ad-hoc stage making

this garden does not see God as a functionary,
but converts the making of Her to sand feet,...
God wants “in peril” included, somewhere,
to break up the couplet or divine rain and stem
lighting the pass, “as long as you do not try to
include the word ‘tort’ as in reference” to God,
She says, swearing at ‘me’ in the morning stamp

wretched hillside resurrection in signature stent barlines

The wretched and the lonely among the giants
of Stater Bros. in hillside falling and calling of
San Bernardino and steak knife playwrights
tossing the salsa like a dream-line across tempted
quakes of shattered plaster oval walkways with
gardened eyes stealing the pheasants of God's wake

"are you sure you want to do this" God calmly asks,
"okay," God hesitates, "but this will be the last time
I tell you," in hushed tones behind our hearing glance

Hoarse stricken carbon condemns the coffee wake, muffled,
evolving like quicksand under a patronizing stent army
where the last tithe song was made in Alaska in 2072
and the favorite disturbance was left endowed, mornings
seeing all wind-scoped air, in the morning, we have
no doubts the pheasants walk in the standing morning

Marissa Nadler Mid-Sentence

the maltese doorsteps countering foot petals
and tramping about the doorstop-broken kevel
Marissa Nadler chalked upon the strumming
downstroke midway contestant of parched blue
parallel coffeeway feathers singing stolen hymns
from coast redwood stalk posing lost in the breeze
raining on the folk drum of early-day trialstorms
mid-sentence growth periods like rising grass
ashes in the coffeeway feathers of tadpole grease
from concealed cigarette budgets and runway slots
lost and seeing Nadler where crosses stand, arched,
in slouching attendance, like a gander to a misstep

Tabled Lotharingians and Belgian Salt Coroners

under the piles of a Petersen grab
condemning the authority of saints
here we will conjure the difference
of an American mouth grating prayer

birds that did not dismiss the conjecture
on the corner of palace tinged streets
fast and not showing the remnant
of the 1980s like sea lions strung out

parted under umber losing country voices
the wedding of the favored Leuven guest

low water empty bottles

child thieves wearing masks with baptized horns
employed by what calls itself a remnant of
a failing government

executioners waving impunity, standing at attention
with raging power, unstrung cowards, furnaces
that cannot go up

holidays will be created and celebrated
to mark their end, God ecstatic it will be
over watches closely

each and every act
low water empty bottles

what patience can abolish the eyes and ears of
citizen police or remove the gut string or
the hammering axe from the crackled ribs
of heaven's state of consideration

Fair dealing weatherable *samizdat*

horses in loving earth metals
elements of practical conspiring
characters of wafers and wine
vanilla lemon tulip Cardinalidae
peaking beneath the parched
doe bouchon strings climbing
where fallow of friends sting
more than love can bind sold

Sufjan Stevens hums, “There’s
only a shadow of me; in a matter
of speaking, I’m dead,” to mirrors
where myths sing landscapes unto
friendly calls and returns that
donate to one’s survival in the part
of these partitioned earth weights
and in these songs I have seen time

blood and ashtrays on Dilworth Farm

peace for consecrate pronunciation
of guillotine gusts markings where
guesses of patriot standings in strand,
pro-government leftists are the doctored

new centrists stealing hammers and nails
across the sacred vowing protruding hearts,
mailing scattered hailing storms,
bedrest cops upon gorgeous mistakes

making each one of us better people
in one way or another, inside them,
lines of patterned causeways laughing
alongside laying prisoners, see how

the prisoners now have just swapped
places, but have not grown their souls
or comfort prodding tools in the blood
and ashtrays, show me your evidence texts,

see your signature dip, what they don't tell
you in pursuit of a criminal is that you risk
becoming one of them, friends joined anew,
what telling hearts fund clockwork strings
disputing raisin wine for the patrimony
of tired, recondite hands on Dilworth Farm

collective ethical patience

there is a difference between collective patience
and collective ethical patience, just as ethical
patience will not do. But collective ethical
patience is what transcribes and what translates
between God and our tormentors on Earthe.

I had thought that constructive anger would
yield positive organizing, but God shored up
my weariness and pointed out that I was wrong.
that there is no constructive anger that opposes
the color green for the look of the man, door
disheveled, stroke in the lightening where
spirits tune out of the quest, and into the
misdirected shovel lambasting permanence
for patient egress. a fomenting catalogue.

When two of us forget the sounding of the keeper, we all do

I.

When the sun was distracted

soft bird faces kneeling at
the red house moving me
from the hospital bed to
the kitchen table with your
scolding hands fading in

trip wire vehicles chocking
like one recording playing
escapade jeweler hammering
teeth of confessional weights
night under virtue-point hats

II.

Trucks in nickel-strong multicolor

Shoring up the meadows
abandoning the petals
like frostbite in the atrium
of the singing arms in God's
predisposed, fortified shycare

There were dross frightening
skyscrapers; berating parents
in riot of tracking conquest and
going grey from the attempt,
straight lines cooking the town
overclothed cattled bloody stars
hiding inside a reckless diapason

wages for vivisection

Dedicated to Haley Heynderickx, Max García Conover,
and Woody Guthrie

It depends on the cold if you will sleep or not
and even at that point you think about those
too cold, too exposed to sleep, because you
were raised in the glory to think about the fish
for the sea, God for those like me to hear all day,
and the patronage for those left out of a sorts,
in the traffic in our minds's cut, trailing scarce;
like the shaping stars on an elbow's sepulchral map,
where blood did bellow from the concrete-gated heart
stowed shorn in communal speech and medical theatre

fieldnotes of an earthly hospital

to have never know God
to have never been buried alive
ginger weights like pail sand
osteopathic deer hunting ambulance
exhausted salt morphine exposure
in the haunted cold of an early winter

Pamphlet of January Heartaches in Gaza, Iran, and the U.S.

Israel is building hi-tech concentration camps in Gaza
ICE intends to keep murdering innocents in Minneapolis
Iran has such potential, open young minds, while the Old Guard
keeps women wrapped out of sight and the vocal voiceless

God told me U.S. communities cannot all just walk away capitalism,
if we did have the people to fabricate medication, that is not enough,
because medication is global, as much as a non-governmental outcome
is a preferred solution, some responsible collective must be in place,
because oppressors never leave on their own, they must be overthrown,
from that point a generation of education reform, revitalization, is needed

God said it is wrong to think of the United States or Iran as having
a young people equally divided between yearning for progress and
those loyal to those in power. “You cannot think that way,” God said,
and it was hard to hear, but it only means we cannot assume failure

One thing we can assume with 100% certainty, is that Israeli and
global Jewish condemnation of genocide in Gaza is meaningless
without action, unless Israelis rise up and take the government
and stop stealing land, stop murdering Palestinians, stop planning
on endless occupation, then it only falls on the global community
to do what they hate most, Responsibility to Protect, with urgency

Tinctured with the gusts of demoralizing Canary introjection

Heard you came in place of your loved crisis.
Are we saving each other or haunting one another?
There is a time for godly crepitation along the sands,
sand lost in journals not meant for anyone's eyes,
but sovereign as the establishing literature of a country.
There were the words of the working class shaking on.

Love-tank spiders on the grieving inordinacy of toxic plying
gum grass like telephone pole weddings striking a target
hole in our rehearsal dinner, moles in vows, safe in NYC –
from the ashes and turbinate artificial units made from cloud tissue,
there we do not dare to give in, like a razor pale-tipped Canary
tossed in the milking pool of seeds and wheat-like brows downing.
You did not have to give up musical theatre for pageful unknowns.
Be forever ready to put yourself first; remark where I see your stun'sl.

Endpiece

Every morning feels like God
is close to having something to say.
There were certainly times when
She/He/They did speak, but we
would not hear with elevation.
We only stringed battlements and
conquest as a meter of the present
dialogue of calamitous stripes.

Against the university nails of split
wood and hammered reason for cures
and triumph with false mastery. Where
wicked software engineers douse themselves
in exposure and disgust. Feeling, perhaps,
they were invincible, they tread on the weak
and exploit and subdue our people.

And it is our own people that we must
first wear the clothing of care for
if we are to ever hear God, some of us
must first be judged or exiled to be
cleansed, an attempt to be purified,
if we are to be able to hear how the
wronged are the leaders of the Earth.

The Wronged lead us always.

Not a select few, but all of them,
the entirety living and present whole,
collectively borrow from the voice
of God and once there, shine a light
up the nose and into the brain and
though to the walls outside the head
until the saltatory wedding pictures
brandish anew. New chances for some,
upon the green smokestack, like fever
dreams that will not go away, or walking
on thrones of propelled outer temples.

This is a pouring endpiece.

This endpiece does not favor the
tempered towership of father joints,
injunction dismissed in the entry,
dissolved where there are excuses

that do not erase the guilt, but hold
up a sensible view, but only for
a select, tormented few.

Let no one forget the entitled men
who victimized the saints.

Let no one forget January.

Is this just the beginning of tears?
Or will God's voice finally become
clear to the masses, continuous and
the rushing of a new enlightenment
taken forward, with the vanguard
once we realize we do not need their
permission to grow or develop
something better.

An ecological discourse
on community degrowth;
an ontological formula of becoming.
When the law does not work,
one should see it was only designed
with the powerful as a priority.

Let no one harm our true leaders.
The victimized and exploited.

Let God be heard by all and stoutly
declare, "All those things that shall be
better deserved, shall be done. Entirely,
without division, save the harmful,
seaside, febrile grapes."